5:La Barre E-5 (1937-1938) 1946
SF24 Uru SF24
Chipaya

paper. Llama foetuses are burned in her honor, and whenever an Indian drinks he makes a libation for her. At the end of a feast, the Indians kiss the earth to show their devotion to her.

The maλku, next in importance, are represented by whitewashed cones of sod 3 to 4½ feet (1 to 1.50 m.) tall, set on low platforms in isolated and secret spots about 10 miles from the village. Each moiety has its own maλku which are worshiped on fixed dates.

The moiety samiri are calcareous stones of irregular shape which are kept in a stone-lined pit in the desert, hidden under a yareta plant.

The cult of the maλku and that of the samiri follow the same pattern.

Every feast is sponsored by an alférez and his wife, who are the masters of ceremony. The high point is the sacrifice of the three animals on which the *Chipaya* depend for their subsistence: a llama, a sheep, and a pig. The officiating priest is a yatiri—a man who knows the religious prayers and how to prepare the libations to be offered. The blood of the victims is mixed with flours made of various kinds of maize and cast to the four directions. What is left is poured on the cones or samiri stones.

The libations are prepared in small cupulae and in small bottles, which are lined up in a set order. Their formulae are complicated and include a great many magic ingredients (chicha, "sevarios," that is, mineral powders of various colors, herbs, turquoise beads, gold and silver paper, etc.). The content of each cupula is poured separately with prayers to the Saints, the maλku, and Pachamama. Grease balls, with plants stuck in them, and candies are buried for Pachamama. Khoa, an odiferous resinous plant, is burned in special incense burners. Other objects such as grass bundles decorated with ceremonial slings, eggs, wreaths made of sliced fruits, and bread and cheese are displayed by the alférez and carried during the dances. The prayers and the material symbols always express the longing for fertility, for water, and for the multiplication of the herds. The prayers, though directed to pagan deities, are often strongly marked by Christian elements. The day after a feast there is always a communal meal in the village during which the sacrificed animals are consumed and prayers recited.

Carnival is also a very important pagan feast celebrated jointly by the two moieties. The desired fertility is symbolized by huge wreaths of fruits and cheese hung from the church's towers and by the outfit of the dancers, who carry bundles of fresh grass, strings of blown eggs, dead ducks, stuffed vicuñas, and other objects. Dances to the sound of quenas accompany every feast.

Private cults.—When a house is built, a sheep is sacrificed and its blood sprinkled against the walls and roof. On certain occasions, such as the return to the village after a long absence, a sheep is sacri-

8:Fain T-5 (ca.1954) 1955
SF24 Uru SF24
Iru Ita

114 retire to our respective quarters. Before leaving, I arranged the remaining provisions, carefully propping up a thermos containing our precious hot coffee for the morning. I have but few manias, the principal one being to brush my teeth. I therefore hunted for a bottle of water and found it empty. My hygienic preoccupations vastly amused my companions, and someone offered me a bottle of lager. Not wishing to lose face I accepted, declaring that there was no better mouthwash, but feeling secretly rather sick at the idea of a combination of colgate and beer. But on carrying out the experiment, I found out that there *is* no better mouthwash in existence. By now the moon was high and full, and so strong was the light that finding it impossible to sleep I switched on the engine for heat, as in spite of my vicuña-lined sleepingbag, the cold was intense. I read for an hour or so, which gave me such a headache, that I had to take aspirin with the remaining beer. The next morning Abelot and I wound our way down to the river, which was frozen at the edge. We broke the ice, drew some water and washed, much to the surprise of the villagers. Again I brushed my teeth with the last drops of beer before the astonished gaze of the people who had never seen such a strange exhibition.

Arriving at the mayor's, we found the rest of the company singularly unglamorous and, o tragedy, someone had kicked over the thermos of coffee. We ate some apples and biscuits, but our depression melted away in the brilliant sun. The sky was blue as it is only to be seen on the Roof of the World. While the professor went off to take some sound-
433 recordings, we explored the village. There was prac-
[418] tically no sign of animal life or cultivation. This was normal, as the Aymara peasants refuse to allow
[396] the Uru, whom they consider as pariahs, to cultivate the ground. They have a narrow strip of shore on which to build their *balsas*.
346 We returned by the little church. Very occasionally
● [393] a priest comes over from Guaqui on the lake. There

[TEXT CONTINUES ON P. 313-A]

[p. 310-B]